APOCALYPTIC HORSEPLAY

BY BOREDMAN

CHAPTER V: SEVEN SEALS

PEOPLE SAY I'VE BEEN AROUND EVER SINCE THE BEGINNING. THAT'S PROBABLY TRUE.

BUT THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T REMEMBER.

BY THE TIME I HAD MY FIRST CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, HUMANITY WAS ALREADY WRITING BOOKS AND COUNTING THE STARS.

BEFORE THAT, ALL I REMEMBER IS THE WHIMPERING OF SCARED CREATURES IN THE NIGHT.

AND THE STENCH OF THEIR FEAR.

PAIN. AGONY... ALL THESE DISTRESSING EMOTIONS, BEGGING FOR ME TO SILENCE THEM AND RESTORE PEACE.

IT WASN'T A MISSION TO ME THEN. IT WAS INSTINCT.

I EXISTED ONLY TO ANSWER THE CALL.

BUT AS THE CENTURIES PASSED, I STARTED GAINING AWARENESS OF MY SURROUNDINGS.

LIKE A TODDLER MAKING SENSE OF THE WORDS HE BELIEVED TO BE SOUNDS, I AWOKE TO THE WORLD OF MAN AND FINALLY SAW IT AS IT WAS.

A DOOMED EXPERIMENT.

AT ITS BEST, HUMANITY WOULD ONLY EVER GLIMPSE AT ITS OWN DIVINE POTENTIAL.

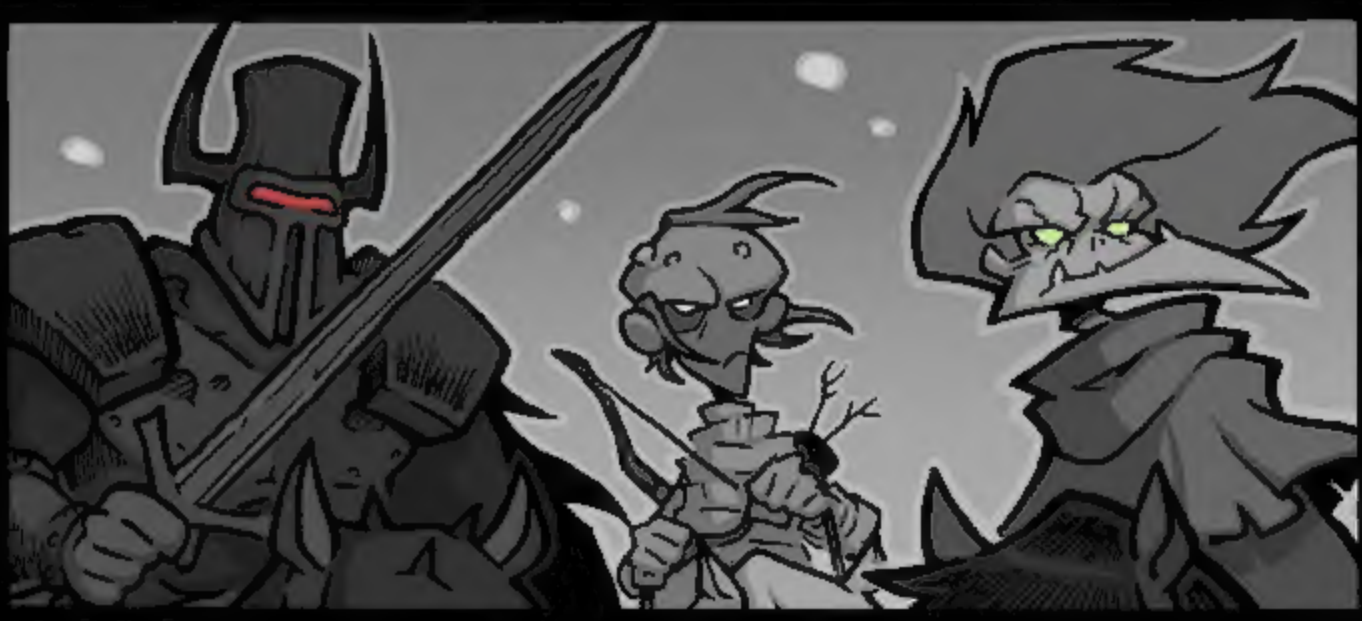
AT ITS WORST, IT WAS HELL WARMED OVER.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME, I THOUGHT THE HEAVENS AGREED WITH MY CONCLUSION.

GRANTING ME PHYSICAL FORM ONLY TO SYMBOLIZE THEIR INESCAPABLE JUDGMENT, ALONG WITH A BOOK WHICH PROPHESIZED THE DAY OF RECKONING.

THE BOOK MENTIONED THREE MORE LIKE ME. SO I SOUGHT THEM OUT.

THEY LACKED PURPOSE. LIKE I ONCE DID. BUT THEIR POTENTIAL WAS UNMISTAKABLE.



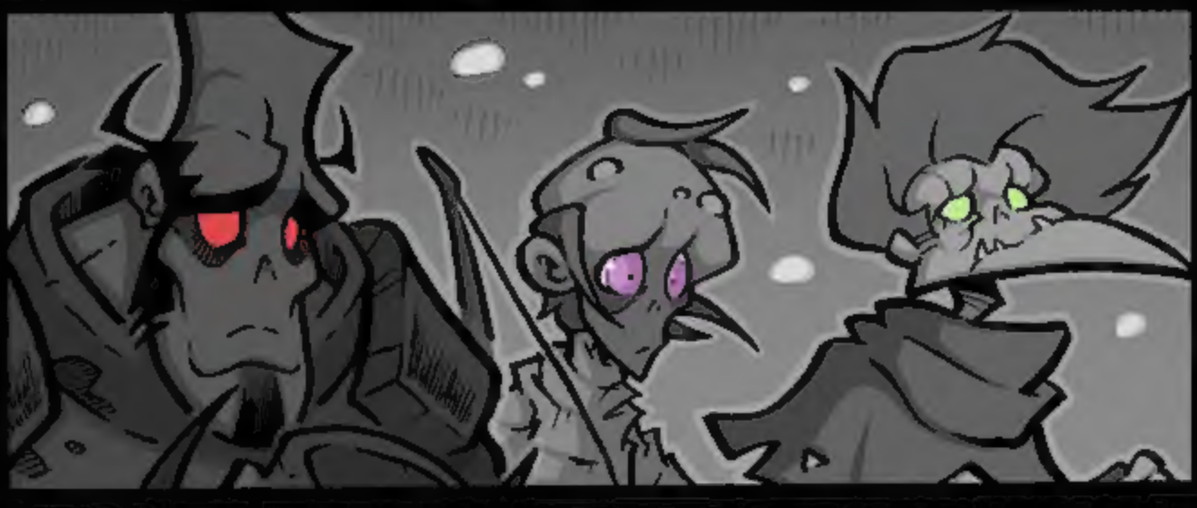
THEIR POWERS HAD EVEN ALLOWED THEM TO CREATE EXTENSIONS OF THEMSELVES, WHICH THEY RODE ACROSS CONTINENTS TO RETURN THE GROVELING MASSES TO THE DIRT.

TOGETHER, WE WERE FINALLY WHOLE. OUR GLORIOUS DESTINY WAS AT HAND.

OR SO WE THOUGHT.

DESPITE OUR CENTURIES OF EXISTENCE, WE HAD BEHAVED LIKE CHILDREN.

QUESTIONING EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE BUT OURSELVES, UNTIL ONE NIGHT WHEN, FINALLY...



WE WERE FORCED TO LOOK WITHIN.

THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED I HAD A CHOICE TO MAKE.

YOU MAY HAVE WEAKENED MY BRETHREN'S RESOLVE, BUT OUR MISSION IS STILL NECESSARY.

AFTER I LEAVE YOU, I WILL BRING THEM BACK INTO THE FOLD, AND THIS WORLD WILL END.

THE APOCALYPSE IS INESCAPABLE.

I NEVER MEANT TO ESCAPE IT.

SO YOU TRULY WISH TO DIE?

TO FORSAKE YOUR SACRED GIFT, EVEN IF IT CONDEMNS YOUR SPIRIT TO THE AGONY OF ETERNAL FLAMES?

I ONLY ASK FOR PEACE.

IS THAT SUCH A CRIME?

PERHAPS NOT. THE LORD MAY PROVE MERCIFUL.

BUT YOU COULD JUST AS WELL FIND YOURSELF LOST IN LIMBO, FOREVER SWIMMING IN AN OCEAN OF NOTHINGNESS.

I HAVE ALREADY KNOWN AGONY AND LOSS, YAMA.

NOW I WOULD RATHER BE NOTHING.

YOU SHAN'T. YOUR BODY MAY FADE, BUT THE SOUL NEVER DOES.

AND YOURS MAY YET BE REDEEMED, WELCOMED BACK INTO THE HEART OF CREATION.

IS THAT WHAT YOU DID WITH THE OTHERS?

MY TASK IS ONLY TO POUR SOULS OUT OF THIS WORLD, NOT TO FERRY THEM INTO THE NEXT ONE.

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW.

I KNOW THAT I EXIST. THAT MY BROTHERS EXIST.

I KNOW WE DID NOT DESCEND FROM MONKEYS, NEITHER DID WE FALL FROM THE STARS.

WE WALK THIS EARTH BY THE WILL OF A HIGHER POWER. TO SERVE A HIGHER PURPOSE.

I BELIEVE YOUR KIND DOES TOO.

THEN WHY SUCH HARDSHIP? WHAT IS THE POINT OF ALL THESE TRIALS?

THAT IS NOT FOR US TO KNOW, CHILD.

PERHAPS THESE ARE TOOLS REFINING YOUR IMMORTAL SOULS, ALLOWING THEM TO SHINE BRIGHTER AS THEY ASCEND TO THE HEAVENS.

AND WHAT OF YOUR SOUL, YAMA?

HOW BRIGHT DO YOU THINK IT WILL SHINE WHEN THE BLOOD OF ALL LIFE IS ON YOUR HANDS?

I DO NOT HAVE A SOUL.

THEN WHAT AWAITS YOU WHEN THE WORLD ENDS ?

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN EVEN DEATH DIES?

WANT MORE?
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